

# LAWRENCIAN



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SPRING ISSUE



In memory of  
W. Harry Huston,  
youngest member  
of the Class of  
1934

# THE LAWRENCIAN

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## DEDICATION

*We dedicate this issue of The Lawrencian  
to our friend and teacher*

**MISS ARLENE M. SHEEHAN**

*Business Adviser of The Lawrencian.*

*She has won the gratitude and admiration not only  
of The Lawrencian staff, but also of the entire student  
body by her friendly personality, her hard work, and  
her willingness to help at all times.*

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## Guest Editor Looks At A Spiritual Loss

Annie Nathan Meyer

SOMETHING happened to me over fifty years ago that I can never forget. It was in the first years of Barnard College, when a bright young girl came up from Baltimore to consult me about entering the College. Since we then had no dormitory, the young woman who had no funds asked me whether I could raise the money for her tuition if she could arrange to live at some relative's in New York.

I agreed. During the course of our conversation, she let drop the startling information that she did not believe in marriage. Quickly I made up my mind that, short of hypocrisy or mendacity, I must prevent her from such indiscretions. I had pictured in my mind's eye the faces of the conservative women whom I expected to approach for the needed money.

So, tactfully I remarked, "You are very young. You may change your mind more than once on this vexed question. Suppose that, at least for a little while, you say nothing about these ideas of yours. It is not an easy question for the oldest and wisest heads to solve."

She agreed, reluctantly. Then, suddenly looking up at me, her dark eyes filled with doubt, she asked:

"But then how are they going to know that I'm smart?"

Of course it is funny. Of course everyone smiles when he hears it. Of course it happened a very long time ago. But would it be impossible to happen today? Such naiveté would be exceptional at any period, but can we be sure that there are no students today who hold deep down in their hearts that, in order to be considered "smart", it is necessary to appear "different"? "How am I going to be considered 'smart', if I go along with others? If I believe what the vast majority believe? If I admire the homely virtues in which the ordinary uneducated folk believe? If I admire the heroes who appeal to the unthinking masses?"

If this should be true, it is not Youth of today that should be blamed; rather the blame should rest on the shoulders of such teachers as are responsible.

The truth is that it takes no more intellectual effort to criticize than to uphold. It is no more intelligent to break down, to destroy, than to sympathize, to interpret, to understand. Those who can see nothing good in any of the heroes who loom large in our history may, after all, possibly be mistaken. Possibly those men threw themselves into certain movements because of their conviction and not because of the fact that



LAWRENCIAN WELCOMES

MRS. ANNIE NATHAN MEYER  
AS GUEST EDITOR

*Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer, distinguished summer resident of Woods Hole and a pioneer in the field of education for women, is the founder of Barnard College. Recognized as an author, a lecturer, and a dramatic critic, she is considered one of the outstanding women in America today.*

there was something in it for themselves. Possibly you have merely substituted disdain for admiration, skepticism for belief, without being at all nearer the truth and being immeasurably poorer in spirit.

It may be ignorant to continue to believe in witches or in water that runs uphill, but it seems to me almost as ignorant to refuse to believe in the best and highest instincts in the breast of man. It cuts you off from much that is precious, if your heart is unable to beat the faster at the instance of heroism, if your blood stays torpid before some foolish but magnificent example of independence. We are deprived of our birthright if we can no longer believe in the essential fineness of human beings. Faith is a vivifying power. Cynicism is sterile. Out of it can flow no truly creative effort, whether in Life or in Art.





## Spring

*Mura Booker, '41*

Sandal-shod and slender,  
Scattering gentle showers,  
A green-robed princess  
Bedecked with scented flowers;  
Lingering 'long winding rivers,  
Waking pussy willows shy,  
Freeing feathered songsters  
And leaving a bluer sky.  
Sunlight in her tresses,  
Gliding 'cross a sloping lawn,  
Pausing to view her handiwork,  
Then smiling, passing on.



## A Child Prodigy In The Family

*Madalyn Hathaway, '42*

YOU should thank your lucky stars that you haven't a child prodigy in the family. If you had to live with my family for a few weeks, you would realize what I mean. Yes, my older sister, Helga, is considered a veritable genius in the field of music. Sure, she can sing like Lily Pons and at the same time play a rippling arpeggio on the piano. I would be able to do the same thing if I had been given lessons from the time I was old enough to blow a pitch pipe.

Mother considers it her duty to clothe Helga in gowns of the very latest style, while she and I wear cast-offs. You see, it's this way, "When Helga becomes a concert pianist, she will support us." Dear old mother! She still believes in miracles. Well do I remember last Christmas! I had to go without a new winter coat and mother without a best dress to wear to church, just so the genius of the family could have a new fur evening wrap when she could have worn a street coat just as well.

Yesterday morning I had planned to wear my favorite pink linen dress, but Helga had the same thought.

"You see," she said, "it looked like a pink linen day and you know the proper clothes make me feel as if I could compose something *really* beautiful."

The only thing for me to do was to iron another. I will admit that she offered to do it for me, but if the iron slipped, her magnificent fingers would be hopelessly burned.

There are a great number of things Helga can't do because of her hands, for example paring vegetables, sewing, wringing clothes, or

helping with canning in the late summer and fall. I'll never forget the time Helga actually tried to wash the dinner dishes. After gingerly handling the glass ware, she started on the silver. Literally absorbed in a new aria she was learning, she failed to realize there was a sharp paring knife to be washed. One swift movement and the blood flowed freely. Dad rushed her to the doctor's while mother remained at home wringing her hands with anguish because she was afraid her *dear* daughter would never again be able to "make the ivories talk." Come to find out, with the help of a band-aid, the cut would have healed by itself in two days.

Up until this year I have stood for these things like a patient sister, but a week ago my boy-friend of long standing suddenly realized I had a very charming and talented sister. Ever since he made this astounding discovery, he puts on his best bib and tucker when he comes to call on the "family." When I was the attraction he wore dilapidated saddle shoes, faded jeans, and a shirt that looked as if it had been worn in the battle at Gettysburg.

Even when it SEEMS that Helga will NEVER reach that exalted position as a concert pianist, my heart really goes out to her. If I were in her place and couldn't go hunting in the fall, fishing on the lake, or swimming in the summer because of my voice and hands, I think I should have reason to act the way Helga does. But this can't excuse her for stealing my boy friend. If you have one and an older, more sophisticated sister, listen to my experienced advice. "*Never be understudy to a child prodigy!*"



## Reverie Of A School Girl

*Patty Berg, '41*

I AM sitting in the auditorium listening to the chatter of my lower classmates. I do hope that this new "hair-do" looks nice in the back, and my new dress too—I'll just take off my coat, and oh! why can't I be taller, so that my shoulders will show above the seat? Oh dear! now, which side of my face looks the nicer?

Oh, for goodness sakes! I should think that Dot would know better than to wear a cotton wash dress in February! Huh, very poor taste!

Here comes the head master! What a gorgeous tie! Why does he look so worried? He skims the room nervously—looking for someone, I guess!

Now the signal is given to file onto the stage—oops! I would stumble up these stairs! Humn! "Second chair from the left," he said. Oh! I'm glad that it's over here, now I can watch Miss A—play the piano. What's this? Oh sure, flag salute! "I pledge allegiance"—Gee, I hope my slip doesn't show—"one nation indivisible"—I'm glad that I wore this dress—Mother says it's too short, but I like to look snappy—"with liberty and justice for all."

Well, I'd better choose what mood to be in

when I'm presented my award. Should I be surprised, and clutch my heart or be nonchalant? Or better still, should I be dignified and haughty; but then, that doesn't seem to go with this dress. I guess the best is to be like Bonnie Baker—sweet and gay, and accept graciously and innocently.

Now, my speech! What shall I say—"Thank you, Mr. Shallmar, I did my best for the honor and glory of L. H. S. It is with great pride that I accept this award."? That's a fine one!

Now the list of winners—oh! I hope my stocking seams are straight; but what shall I do with my hands?

I wonder if I'll be high or low? Huh, you might know that Mary would get the first award—the show-off—listen to her speech!

Sure enough, that eternally be-frowned guy is second; everyone must know that he didn't even write it himself.

Oh, they're all applauding—I must clap too—but daintily!—the awards are all given, and I didn't get one after all! Oh, well, I hope it doesn't rain this noon-time, so all the curl won't come out of my hair!

## The Sunset

*Nancy Baker, '41*

THE fiery sun was sinking fast,  
Keeping its glory till the last.

It left behind a magic view,  
Transforming heaven's flawless blue.

The sky was tinted rose and gray;  
With golden flecks in prominent sway.

Bright tints of purple, contrasts made,  
With palest pink, a dainty shade.

In silent awe, I watched the sight,  
Enchanted in the amber light.

The world was pausing for a rest;  
Wrapt in the palette of the West.

But while I gazed, the glory faded;  
The hallowed scenes grew dark and shaded.

Dame Nature swiftly changed the set.  
The scene is now in silhouette.

A baby starlet ventured out,  
Timid and dim, as if in doubt.



Though glorious tints have left the sky,  
They will return when twilight's nigh.

But now, rest, quiet world, and sweet repose.  
Tomorrow will their brilliant hues disclose,



## Two In A Row

*Durham Caldwell, '43*



JOE Luttrell sat in his hotel room looking through the records of last year's world series. It was a morning in mid-April, the opening day of the big league season. During the series last fall Joe had played regularly at second for the Eagles who swept through their American League rivals in four straight games. He had been one of the outstanding players of the series, hitting .389 and fielding flawlessly.

But this spring it had been different. He had gotten off to a bad start in camp; and then there was that new rookie from the coast who had shown up so well during spring training, Happy Dugan, he was called. Besides, Joe was 33, old as ball players go. He knew that for the first time in eight years, he wouldn't be the starting second sacker.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dugan started at second that afternoon and continued to do so, playing magnificent ball all the time. It soon became apparent to the front office that Joe Luttrell was no longer necessary in their plans and late in May he was shipped to the minors in part payment for a young left-handed pitcher named Corcoran. What hurt Joe was that he was waived by even the last place Phillies.

\* \* \* \* \*

What in April had seemed to be a walk away for the Eagles in the National League pennant race developed in August to be a two-way fight

between the Eagles and the Bears. Then, when all was going smoothly for the latter, their star shortstop broke a leg sliding into second. The Bear management cast around in the bushes and came up with veteran second baseman, Joe Luttrell, who was promptly converted into a shortfielder.

Joe played splendid ball for the next month as the pennant race continued neck and neck down the home stretch. As the Bears came into Eagle Stadium for the last three game series of the year, they were trailing their rivals by a scant half game. Two of the three games won meant the championship. The Eagles, being on home territory, were slight favorites.

The Bears won the first game 3 to 1 with Joe scoring one of the runs. The next game was won 6 to 0 by the Eagles, with Joe's defensive play and Happy Dugan's hitting featuring the play.

In the third game, with the pennant hanging in the balance, it seemed as though the Bears were surely licked when they went into the ninth trailing 2 to 0. This was due to the steady, reliable pitching of the Eagle moundsman, Lefty Corcoran, the very same southpaw for whom Joe had been sent to the bushes. It seemed even more so when, with two out and a man on second, Joe Luttrell came to bat. He stalked up to the plate, spat on his hands and rubbed them with dirt, and turned to face Lefty Corcoran. The first pitch was right down the middle and Joe whammed it over Happy Dugan's head for a Texas League double, scoring the runner. The next batter singled sharply to center and Joe scored standing up to tie the score. But the next batter whiffed, ending the inning, and the game settled down to a tight drawn-out struggle.

In the twelfth frame with the score still tied at two all, Joe Luttrell once more came to bat. The first pitch was high for ball one. Corcoran's next pitch was over the corner and Joe bit—one and one. The next pitch was over the outside corner and Joe pulled it to deep right for a triple, and when Happy Dugan mishandled the fielder's peg, he slid safely into home. This was the ball game, as the disheartened Eagles were set down in order.

\* \* \* \* \*

Joe hit .381 in the series.

## Here Comes The "Boogie" Man!

*Patricia Brown, '42*

SOMEONE ought to make a collection of nightmares. I doubt if there's a person living, or dead, who has not had the dreadful experience of a nightmare . . . and nobody I have ever asked has hesitated a second to tell me two or three of his pet ones. A book on awful dreams, if put on the market, would probably be sold out quicker than you could say "Jack Robinson"; for, after all, it is practically the same as relating your sixteenth operation, which is all very interesting but we'd rather hear it some other time, thanks. A thing like that might even start a revolution or something—you know some people won't cherish the thought of having you tell them about the horrible one you had last night; they might dream a similar thing tonight and flunk tomorrow's French exam. I know a person who absolutely refuses to see a Frankenstein picture because she wouldn't sleep for a week. But I can appreciate how she feels—I saw one a couple of years ago, and had a few dreams which could have taken First Prize for horror content. Anyone who can survive the night without a nightmare, after seeing one of those movies, has my whole-hearted admiration.

As long as the kiddies are all tucked safely in bed, I'll tell a few hair-raisers which I've heard from some exceptionally timid souls (including myself).

The first is one of my favorites:

"We were at the circus, having a grand time watching the monkeys act foolish, when suddenly a voice shouted,

'Run for your lives! The Grizzly Bear has escaped!' Those bears are the most savage and you can well imagine my horror when I heard a fierce snarl about three yards behind me! I never bothered to glance back . . . I was too intent on getting far, far away. After dashing madly around, trying to find some refuge from that terrible beast chasing me, I realized that unless something happened pretty soon I'd be devoured. My eye caught the tower which was used for stunt-diving and I headed for that, not realizing, of course, that this particular bear could climb the ladder as well as I. When I found out he was right below me and I couldn't go much farther, an idea popped into my head . . . if I jumped, or rather dived, I

might land in the tiny spot of blue so far below. The tower was waving like a leaf in a hurricane and I was thrown off. I can feel myself now hurtling through space down, down, down—BANG! Then I awoke."

Here's another, if you aren't feeling too odd or jumpy:

"Its setting is an exceptionally long room, which is devoid of any furnishings except several large tables. The victim runs between the tables with a leering Oriental, brandishing a kris, directly behind her . . . she reaches the door and just beyond she stumbles. Trying desperately to regain her footing, she forces herself to get up and flee as he is just about to snatch her and cut her up into tiny pieces! She remembers nothing after that, except that she's thankful it's merely a dream!"

The next (and last) is a jewel:

Its originator has a terrific imagination, a fact which you'll admit after you've read this "killer-diller".

"At the time, she (another girl) was in bed, the night after her family had moved to Winchester. She says she was sleeping peacefully, when she felt something crawling toward her feet. Her very active imagination then took over and concocted a weird creature—green body with long, black, fuzzy thorns all over it; in addition, it possessed hairy, purple legs, sharp claws at the tip. Its face helped to make it appear more hideous . . . the mouth was open, exposing a row of gleaming white fangs; eery, red eyes, looking down its horny nose in a cross-eyed position. It seized her little toe and began to gnaw it, while its tentacles clawed at her foot. She tried frantically to shake it off and finally grasped it, disregarding the piercing needles. This time it clung to her fingers like glue, and she claims (although it sounds fantastic to me) that she woke up at that moment and found herself clutching at first one hand and then the other!"

Naturally these don't affect me (much), but I think this is an ample dose for one evening's bed-time stories. Please don't think me ironical when I say,

"Goodnight . . . Pleasant dreams!"

## After School At L. H. S.

*Mura Booker, '41*

'TIS late afternoon;  
The students have gone.  
Their laughter, their shouting is heard no  
more;  
And in the French room  
With its plants and vines  
There are warm sunny squares on wall and  
floor.

Two lone pianos,  
Oh, so silent now  
With no stray fingers to rouse sleeping keys;  
Worn and hollowed stairs,  
Free from tramping feet  
That once ignored their creak-cracking pleas.

Cleverly carved busts  
So gravely gaze,  
And statues solemnly stand in the hall.  
In shadow or light  
In the empty rooms  
Old and faded pictures hang from each wall.

No more sly whistles,  
No banging doors,  
No tapping pencils, whispers or song;  
Only worn blackboards,  
Dusty with white chalk  
And unerased problems someone left wrong.

'Neath newly scratched desks  
And other ones too,  
Scattered bits of paper and mud tracks lie.  
In the library  
On one row of books  
The last lingering sun rays slowly die.



Things are so quiet  
And somehow sad,  
As statues retreat in deepening gloom;  
Yet there comes a lone sound  
From a nearby room  
The swish and thud of the janitor's broom.

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## The "Spring Code"

*Shirley Landers, '41*

ACCORDING to all the wizards of medical science, weather experts, statisticians, college professors, etc., spring is the ideal time to catch cold. The simplest and most common way to catch cold is by merely sticking your head out of doors long enough to look at the thermometer or let the cat in. In a few hours your temperature will rise, your nose will take on a fiery hue, and your eyes will water. At this stage, any attempt at conversation on your part is met with blank stares. Suddenly you realize that, out of necessity, you have been

talking through your nose; you promptly explain that you have a "code in your nose". Then comes the inevitable advice as to how to get rid of said cold. You are showered with pills, cough syrups, aspirins, mustard plasters, spirit lamps, and throat sprays, all of which do no good. Your cold goes merrily on leaving you a limp mass of suffering humanity. After about two weeks of unspeakable misery, you wake up one morning to find that, miraculously, your cold has stolen away in the night.



## "Nothing"

*Eugene Baker, '43*

"**N**OTHING", a word in the English language, is defined as "not anything". The word is a crutch for many people. It has spread all over the world, used for good and bad.

I shall choose four words which have no immediate connections with each other. With these four words I shall connect the word "nothing".

The first word is "pearl." Now you know the pearl is a precious thing but so is "nothing." In plain words "nothing" is a gem of a word. I suppose one could not live with people for a full hour without hearing the word, just as some would show off their pearls.

Now take "airplane". What's the connection? Well, you know that the very important people ride in airplanes, and the most important people use "nothing." Or you could turn it around and say "nothing" uses the people for a means of spreading itself.

The "corset stay" has practically no connection with "nothing". I beg your pardon but it does. Now the corset is used in supporting.

"Nothing" is a support for boys caught in mischievous acts. Such as the boy caught throwing spitballs. His answer was that he "wasn't doin' nothing."

A "ship wreck" has no connection with "nothing," but a survivor of one has. When asked to tell about the wreck, the modest survivor would say, "It was 'nothin'".

"Nothing" doesn't make a lot of sense by itself, but it has lived through the ages in proverbs. "'Nothing' ventured, 'nothing' gained." This is just one good example of "nothing."

You will also find that there are many songs with "nothing" or dedicated to it. Mainly, "I Got Plenty of 'Nothin'".

I suppose I could ramble on and on, but there is no reason for that. With just the little I have said, one knows the importance of this seven letter word. As a favor to me, count the number of times you say "nothing" in an hour. You will find "nothing" everywhere, because, as you know, "nothing" is exactly "nothing" everywhere.

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## Comes Spring

*Shirley Landers, '41*



**T**HE sky is grey with ashen clouds,  
The branches droop forlornly in the  
heavy air

That with its thick enveloping shrouds  
Blankets the landscape everywhere.

The sodden ground is soggy, wet,  
While tiny rivulets like giant rivers run.  
The world is gloomy, dark, and yet,  
There comes a hint of spring-like warmth  
of sun.

The air is warm, glimpses of green  
Stand out against the dark brown earth,  
Mysterious breezes stir the trees,  
And ripple the leaves with silent mirth.

## A Rusty Nail

Maxine Holmes, '43

A LOUD knock came at the door. Betty jumped up anxiously and headed for the door. She looked very charming in her new powder blue evening dress Dad had just bought for her when she was "sweet sixteen" last week. It looked very expensive and stunning with a high waist, square neck, and black velvet ribbons that trimmed it. She had a larger black velvet ribbon squeezed between a mass of auburn curls on the top of her head. The rest of her hair fell in soft curls at the end of a long bob, which made a very attractive girl with a lovely personality.

Tonight was to be a very important occasion for her, for it was the very first formal date she had made with Bill, a new boy at school, and all the girls' "Dream Prince". He had dark flashing eyes and black wavy hair that would make any girl's heart thump.

"Oh, do come in!" she called sweetly. "Is that you, Bill?"

The door opened slowly and a disguised man stepped in.

"Is that you, Bill?" she gasped. "Don't frighten me so! It is you—isn't it?—or is it?—Oh ho-o-o-o!"

"Come wis me, baby, and no screeching or I'll smash your pretty face!" growled the stranger.

Betty would have screamed, but a dirty, greasy hand was clasped over her mouth.

"Oh, if only Mother, Daddy, or Dave were here!" she thought. But they were at the movies.

The stranger nabbed her and made a dash for his car parked by the road.

In the scramble Betty lost one of her black slippers. She also dropped her pocket book just as she was thrown into the back seat of the car.

The kidnapper tied his old dirty handkerchief around her mouth.

She was taken to an old shack fifty yards off the side of an old sandy road seldom used by cars.

He took her inside and tied her in a very uncomfortable chair.

"Now, angel," he said harshly, "I brung ya here ta find out just what the plans is your ole man's been makin' lately. Ya needn't say he ain't 'cause I knows he is. Ya either tells me what they is or where they is, or I'll tickle ya feets wis a hot poker." He hesitated then went on.

"All I knows is they's about a new bomber for war. Speak up! Ya hear?!"



"I-I-I don't know what they are, honest I don't!" cried Betty, trying to be brave. "All I know is that he keeps them in a secret place somewhere. He never told me just what they were like or where they were kept 'cause he said I talk too much."

"Well, if dot be der case, I'll hafta leave him a note tonight," he answered angrily.

"And if he don't gib dem ta me I'll moider ya. See?!"

Meanwhile Bill had come for Betty. He honked his horn, but no response. He knocked at the door, but still no answer. He went around the house and looked in all the windows, but saw no one.

Finally he opened the door and walked in. "Something funny," he mumbled. There was no sign of anyone in the house.

Suddenly he spied the black velvet slipper on the floor. He had already picked up the pocket book, thinking she had dropped it while shopping during the day.

"Girls are queer sometimes," he said to himself as he walked out, "but something's wrong, I know."

"That settles it," he said aloud as he picked up a velvet ribbon off the ground.

"Something is wrong because Betty told me she had black velvet ribbons on her new dress."

Bill jumped into his sedan and hurried to the police station.

After he told his story, they began to act.

They flashed this notice on the screen at the movies:

"Mr. and Mrs. Walkington and son report to Police station immediately. Serious!"

They went home with the police and investigated.

"We'll have to wait until morning and see what happens," the police said. "It may be a kidnap or it may not be."

In the morning when Mr. Walkington opened the front door to get the morning paper, he found a note hitched on the door with a rusty nail, as follows:

"Sir:

I have your daughter safe. Leave plans for new bomber in hollow tree at four corners before 2:00 today or she will be MURDERED!

"The Rusty Nail"

Back at the shack Betty was forced by the kidnapper to get breakfast.

After the meal, he tied her up again.

"Ya ain't no good around here wis dat long dress on," he snorted.

He took his knife and began to cut it short.

Betty began to cry, but he slapped her across the face and finished the job.

About ten o'clock he untied her, and told her to have a good meal ready by four. He then went out and locked the door.

Betty now had plenty of time to get the meal and think too.

Suddenly an idea struck her. Dad had taught her how to shoot with a gun, bow and arrow, and a sling shot. She got to be so clever she could hit a dime that was put up against a post so far away that she could just barely see the dime.

She also knew that everyday a boy she knew as "Nutty" went by this road walking.

She took her new elastic garters and tied them together. After searching the wood box, she found a stout branch suitable to make a strong sling-shot.

After she had finished the sling-shot, she collected all the rusty nails she could find.

She hid these treasures with great hope for success, and then prepared a meal.

She then stood for a whole two hours and a half peeking through an inch crack in the door with her sling-shot and nails in her hands.

It was a beautiful Spring day, and she, for the first time, realized what it was like to be imprisoned.

All of a sudden she jumped up and down with joy, for she could see a faint figure making its way up the road.

As he got closer, she saw it really was "Nutty"

with a tennis racket hitting a ball up into the air.

When he was approximately on a perpendicular line to the door, Betty aimed her sling-shot with a rusty nail in it through the crack. She pulled with all her strength, as he was quite a distance away, and—shot!

The nail must have struck him for he jumped holding on to the seat of his pants.

She shot three more nails near him also.

Betty stood trembling. She had a feeling it might not work.

Finally the boy stopped, picked up the nails, and stood staring in the direction from which they came. All at once he began to wave his hands, jump up and down and shout. Then he ran as fast as his short legs could carry him till he was out of Betty's sight.

Betty began to cry for joy. She kissed her trusty sling-shot and then burned it up so nothing would make her kidnapper suspicious if he should come.

Fifteen minutes later "Nutty" arrived at the police station panting with his rusty nails and story.

The police notified Mr. Walkington to leave fake plans to fool the kidnapper.

The police and Mr. Walkington hastened out to the old shack.

When they arrived, Betty handed them a key through the crack in the door, and they unlocked the door (which could only be locked or unlocked from the outside.)

"Oh, Daddy!" cried Betty as she flung her arms around his neck. She tried to say more, but a hard lump came into her throat and big tears ran down her flaming cheeks.

The police hid their car and went inside the shack to await their prey.

Mr. Walkington locked the door on the outside so nothing would look suspicious, and then took Betty home.

While all this was going on, the kidnapper had been out to get the plans.

When he was almost to the shack he stopped to examine the plans.

Did he go into a fit of anger when he found they were merely plans for a streamlined train!

"I'll get even, you just wait and see!" he shouted.

"I'll tie his daughter flat on the railroad tracks where she won't be noticed down by the hill. Only ten minutes before the train is due, I will! Oh Boy! What a swell death for her! That will teach that big shot to try an' fool me! Nobody can get ahead 'a me! Ha! Ha!"

When he arrived at the shack, he saw no

(Continued on Page 14)



## Jade Eyes

Natalie Robertson, '42

JADE eyes stared at us as we advanced—cruel eyes, merciless eyes that sent chills racing along our spines. Instinctively we drew closer together. It had been no idea of Jack's or mine to enter this 2000 year old mausoleum, but Tim, a connoisseur of Hindu art, had heard that proof of the most cogent description could be found in this decadent tomb concerning Hindu statuary.

Now as we entered the inner chambers of the tomb, we gazed upon the statue of the jade eyes with awe. It was a massive jaguar throne carved from a single block of stone and painted a vivid red; the eyes, as I have mentioned before, were of apple-green jade as were the spots which sporadically appeared on the body; we stood directly under minatory fangs of hard white stone.

"Pretty little animal," ventured Jack flashing his light over it.

Coincident with his words a dry, cackling laugh came from the mouth of the statue and reverberated throughout the vault.

"Ye gods! did that thing laugh, or was it my imagination?"

We gazed at each other in silence; the hiatus was broken by a voice saying, "It was no illusion, my dear sirs, your ears did not deceive you. I was laughing at your folly in entering my burial vault. I am King Putmikina. My augurs have told me that in the near future I will again be leader of my people, but, my dear visitors, it is detrimental to my rehabilitation that white men enter my tomb and so—" Here the cruel, insinuating laugh gave us an inkling as to what our fate was to be.

We looked at each other and at a barely perceptible signal from Tim did a right-about-face and started to leave. We were immediately halted by the voice.

"Now, now, gentlemen, surely you are not leaving without accepting my hospitality"—and again that maniacal laughter.

Turning we saw a tall, imposing figure standing beneath the statue. He beckoned to us, and we were drawn to him by some irresistible force. He was magnificently dressed and was a perfect ostentation of precious and semi-precious stones.

"Come, do not hesitate," and we followed him to a rope ladder which swung from an opening in the bottom of the statue. He accentuated his command by shoving Jack in



front of him. "Ascend!" he ordered in a sharp voice.

Jack lost no time in doing so, Tim followed suit, and then I. My knees were weak and shaky with fear, so much so that I thought I would fall back on the so-called king who was behind me. It might not have been a bad idea, but I had no chance to carry out this plan, for as I neared the top of the ladder, my arm was grabbed in no gentle manner. I was assisted through the opening by a burly individual with simian features. He flung me against the side of the wall and losing my footing, I fell into a heterogeneous collection of rope, small figures carved from jade, stone knives, and old cloth. Tim and Jack extricated me from this pile just as our host was being reverently assisted through the opening by our malicious friend.

The king opened a door in the side of the statue and a flight of steps came into view. We followed our leader down these and through a long, winding passage.

"Say, where do you think he's taking us?" asked Jack.

"I guess there's only two that could answer that question—the Lord and that person ahead who calls himself a king," replied Tim.

I broached the subject of asking the "King", but Tim said that would never do, and so we plodded on in silence. The passageway gradual-

*(Continued on Page 14)*

## What's In A Minute ?

*Eugene Baker, '43*

ON THIS beautiful spring morning the 154th Reserve Squadron of the Royal Air Force took the air to cut capers for the German Air Force. Tommy Holbrook was piloting Hawker Seven near the tail end of the formation. Everything was under control and no "Jerries" were in the sky.

About quarter of eleven Tommy's engine began to kick and sputter. Not a thing could be done with her so the patrol leader told him to turn back. Tommy declined and said he'd try to keep up at the tail. But by three of eleven he was by himself and he started back.

Coaxing the plane along he decided he'd wait for the eleven o'clock chime to turn back. It was only a minute to wait.

Suddenly he heard a drumming on his wings and looked back to see three "Jerries", who had "hopped" him because he was alone. The three had been riding the sun, and now two of them were on his tail and he was the vertex of their fire.

Tommy ramméd the stick forward and opened the throttle, and the engine gave a big kick. There she was, giving all she had, and Tommy blessed her fervently. Suddenly he stalled the ship, and gave "Mr. Jerry" a blast from his eight guns as "Jerry" went zipping by, never to come up again.

Gunning the engine, Tommy looped and took his other enemy by surprise. He cut down on him, and then as the guns whined, Tommy saw the pilot crumple in the seat. Now fully warmed to the task, he grinned and set out for the other place.

The plane surprised him and was on his tail. He could feel the vibrations from the other's shells. He tried to shake him, but the enemy was no novice. Tommy put his ship into a spin and came out on a side opposite the trailing "Jerry". Cutting back he found he was over him and he went into a dive. One good blast was all Tommy had time for. But "Jerry" faltered and ended his flying days in the Channel.

Tommy cut the throttle and relaxed. He looked at his watch. It said eleven o'clock. Things had happened so quickly that he could not believe the watch, but there it was eleven o'clock.

Tommy came in and was congratulated by all his brothers. To all the things they said, he replied, "I don't know how the holes got in my ship, but whatever it was, it's all in a day's work."

From this story we all would have said, "It's all in a minute's work." I guess he thought it would be more or less of a fish story to tell them it happened in a minute.

## Jade Eyes

*(Continued from Page 13)*

ly widened as we proceeded, and we were soon in a large, spacious room in the middle of which was a pool. Near us was a long slab of stone heaped high with tempting food.

"Eat well, for it will be your last meal, my friends," said the "King" with a diabolical burst of laughter and a significant look at the pool.

We stuffed ourselves to capacity, for as Tim put it we might as well enjoy ourselves while we could.

As I was wiping my fingers on my handkerchief, no napkins or finger-bowls being in sight, I was rudely grabbed and practically carried over to the pool. I struggled, but to no avail. I had no time to say "Goodbye" for I was immediately thrown into the clear, blue water. Just before I closed my eyes I saw that the bottom was covered with bones. I felt myself sinking, sinking—my lungs burned; I gasped for air. A cloying sweetness filled my nostrils. I gasped and opened my eyes—and found myself staring at—of all people—*my dentist!*

## A Rusty Nail

*(Continued from Page 12)*

signs of disturbance.

He unlocked the door and shouted.

"Hey ya dame! Ya goin' ta be moidered, ya hear?! I'm goin' ta p—"

He was interrupted by three policemen who nabbed and handcuffed him.

He was taken to the police station.

Two days later Betty's father received notice that "the Rusty Nail" was a foreign agent spying in this country. Betty received a thousand dollars reward.

She divided half of it between "Nutty" and Bill who together saved her life and her father's plans.

Betty was very much surprised when her father came home from work that night with a big box for her.

Upon opening it she found a new evening gown just like the one that was ruined by the kidnapper.

"Oh Daddy!" she cried, "You're the best father in the world! And by the way, I've got a date with Bill tonight."

## If It's Proof You Want

*John Lawrence, '42*

"A W, you're crazy!"

"Who's crazy?"

"You are!"

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah. I bet yuh can't prove it!"

At that, Jimmie stopped short. Why couldn't he prove it? It certainly would be a simple enough matter.

"All right, just for that, I will show you. You're all just talking through your hats. You fellas stay here, and within an hour you'll have your proof."

One hour! He'd have to work fast. Jimmie headed for Water Street and the river wharves. As you all probably know anyway, Riverside's chief source of livelihood is in her river trade. Wheat by the ton is shipped down the river to Watertown, where it is sent to all parts of the country. In Riverside, there are two main thoroughfares. One is Main Street and the other is Water Street. Water Street goes to the wharves down on the river, and it is there on the lower end of Water Street that the alumni of Riverside's former river shipping days live in rude shacks; some mending nets; others just spinning yarns and living on money that may have been Captain Kidd's treasure, for all anyone knows about its origin.

Therefore, it was for this region that Jimmie headed. As he neared the river, the singular and unmistakable odor of the wharves and dirty little tugs and big, grimy flatboats assailed his nostrils. If you have ever been to such a place, you realize that the odor, or rather, stench, is unmistakable. He slowed his pace as he neared the first of the shacks, but mosied along until he came to one particular shack which was painted a bright, almost blinding, orange, and which stood out from the other weather-beaten ones like a cat at a mouse party.

In the doorway of this illustrious hovel sat an old, grizzled river captain, smoking a pipe, and draped with nets which he was mending. Here Jimmie stopped, and with crossed fingers, ventured,

"Mornin', Cap'n Joe."

"Humph!"

"W-w-watcha doin'?"

"What's it look like, matey? Mendin' nets, like I always do." Fiercely, "Whatcha want with me?"

"Er, er, ah, nothin'!"

"Then set sail for another port. The rheu-



matism in my right leg's killing me; always does 'fore a storm. Can't be bothered with young upstarts that can't even box a compass!"

"You've no right to put me out; I haven't done anything to you. Oops! Oh gee, hang it all, it looks like I've knocked this watch on the floor and broken it. Funny kinda watch, though. Says north where 12 should be."

"Ding bust it, now look whatcha done! Ye blasted land lubber, that's the compass I carried with me more'n thirty years up 'n' down the river! Wait'll I get my hands on you! You sea-serpent!"

With that, Jimmie hastily beat retreat under forced draught, the old captain hot on his trail, accelerating himself with epithets that would make the heartiest of sea dogs shudder.

Up past Elm Street Jimmie sped. He ducked in a little alley, ran down another, vaulted a fence, and took a short-cut across a deserted field till he found the rest of his gang still chuckling where he had left them scarcely twenty minutes before. Without explanation, Jimmie hurried them back to Elm Street; where, from the security of the alley, they saw Cap'n Joe striding indignantly down the street toward Water Street, muttering things about "a young rascal that ought to be lashed twenty times at the mast." "There!" cried Jimmie triumphantly, as soon as the captain was out of earshot. "I told you he didn't have a wooden leg! Gosh, how distrustful some guys are! Well, you just gotta show 'em. There, fellas, see if he limps! I guess not!"



## Fashion!

Virginia Rowe, '41

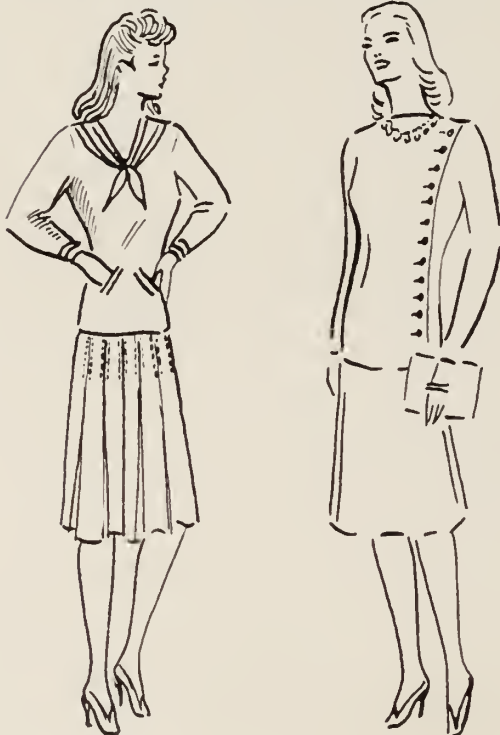
**D**ON'T look now, girls, but that balmy breeze you felt and those tulips and daffodils are no longer signs of spring, but more or less a warning that summer is just around the corner. Yes, summer! Swimming . . . tennis . . . riding . . . sailing . . . golf . . . all day picnics . . . and no homework! Heavenly! (a slight pause while I rouse myself from my day-dreams, haul out the fashion magazine, and proceed with what started out to be a fashion column!)

Well, as I was about to say, a summer in Falmouth is a grand opportunity to wear all the latest in sports clothes; so, with this in mind, let's take a peep into the future and see just what to expect.

The very latest trick in town is a two-piece playsuit with, of all things, a reversible skirt! Another outfit with a promise is a five-piece sailor suit, complete with skirt, middy, slacks, shorts, and gob hat.

Now, more than ever before, two-piece bathing suits will adorn the beaches, but dress-maker suits will still outnumber all others. Sarongs a Lamour are the very latest!

For something new, gals, starch your cotton dirndles, wrap around the family broomstick.



tie 'em in the middle, and when they are thoroughly dried, wear 'em—yes, wear 'em (sans broomsticks, of course) as the fashionable Mexican Wickiup skirt.

Cotton is still the favorite for summer formals with jersey a close second. Prints and solid colors make interesting combinations; and, as usual, short boleros will top most of the extremely formal gowns.

Although moccasins have held the "footlights" this winter, it's my bet that "saddles" will be as popular as ever. Summer playshoes, however, will probably continue along the lines of the "wedgies"—the brighter the color—the better! "Spectators" are becoming as much of a classic as "saddles", but the news in dressy shoes is the use of two materials. Incidentally, don't you just adore the saddle leather shoes and accessories?

Now, for a little variety, try wearing your heart on your sleeve!—one cut out of red felt and sewed on your sweater or blouse is really most effective. Another trick is to sew red "lips" over your buttonholes. Turbans to match your print dresses are très chic!

In conclusion jackets are longer . . . fitted top coats of plaid pastels are news . . . the redingote is back . . . capes for day or night . . . two or more colors or materials for one dress . . . hand-worked trimmings . . . and . . . hats are crazier than ever!

# EDITORIALS



## Spring Soliloquy

*Muriel Gediman, Editor*

CONGRATULATIONS to the Student Council for the S. C. Bulletin which is distributed to pupils every Monday. A more complete coverage of news might improve it, however.

\* \* \* \* \*

And whatever became of the Sportsmanship Brotherhood? Is it still in existence and, if so, how about a little activity?

\* \* \* \* \*

This sparkling spring weather should inspire the girls of L. H. S. to form a soft ball team. This might lift girls' athletics from the almost complete oblivion into which it has sunk this year.

\* \* \* \* \*

This plan of having assemblies regularly every Wednesday and only on Wednesday is a most beneficial one. No longer are study periods rudely snatched away from unsuspecting students. No longer are teachers forced to listen to dull speakers while they mull angrily over in their minds the super-surprise test they were forced to postpone. No, now Wednesday and assemblies are an inseparable couplet, on a parallel with ham and eggs or bread and butter.

An after-thought: since we now have this definite schedule, couldn't all our assemblies be in the Hall School Auditorium?

\* \* \* \* \*

Wanted: A point system for L. H. S.! Under a point system students would be restricted to a certain number of points and their participation in clubs, sports, and the like would, of necessity, be limited. There would then be opportunities for a great many more students to take part in the extra-curricular activities.

Think of the stores of hidden talent lying dormant and undeveloped in L. H. S.

\* \* \* \* \*

And speaking of talent, how many of you know that well-deserved fan mail has been received by the casts of the "Little Theatre of the Air"? The *Lawrencian* publicly congratulates this group of L. H. S. pupils with acting aspirations who have been so willingly and ably directed by Mrs. Elsie Perlot of the Community Center.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations from us to us! In the 1941 Columbia Scholastic Press Association Contest The *Lawrencian* won not only medalist honors, but All-Columbian Honors for excellence in its make-up. Not only was this the only medalist in any class in Massachusetts, but it was the only medalist in our class in the whole United States.

\* \* \* \* \*

And more of the same: It is interesting to note how the *Lawrencian* is rated by the C. S. P. A. It received all but 15 out of 345 points for general make-up. This includes our cover, title page, art work, photography and the like. Our stories, essays, features and editorials received full credit. Our humor department was the only weak part of our magazine, receiving but 5 out of the possible 30 points. Out of a grand total of 1000, the *Lawrencian* received 920 points.

\* \* \* \* \*

And with this little "toot on our own horn", we end this rhapsody in writing, this silly symphonic spring soliloquy.

# "To Foster and Perpetuate A One Hundred Percent Americanism,"

## One Purpose of the American Legion

Lyle Long, '42

THE strife, corruption, and bloodshed of Europe today have suddenly made Mr. America anxious to establish sound Americanism. Many organizations now have the establishment of sound Americanism as one of their objectives. The American Legion have this as one of their chief aims, but it is not new to them. Americanism has been a primary objective of the American Legion ever since their organization in 1919. The third clause of the preamble to the American Legion is "To foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism." They have followed this promise with steadfastness and ability through the years.

Because of the growth and unhealthy spread of foreign "isms" in recent years, the Legion have turned a great deal of their Americanism effort to a resolute and militant nationwide campaign against subversive elements in America that present ideas absolutely contrary to American concepts of good government.

It is appropriate that the Legion, made up of men who fought for America in the first World War, should point out this situation. On the other hand, it would be an error to think that this is the only interest of the Legion's Americanism program. It is only one of many. Included in the program are such projects as youth training activities, promotion of education, community service, highway safety, instruction of immigrants and many other things.

A few statistics may help you to realize the vastness of their program. As part of the youth training program, Legion posts now sponsor more than 3,000 Boy Scout troops. Our own local Legion Post sponsors the Falmouth Boy Scout Troop and also the newly formed Sea Scouts. More than 500,000 boys have joined in a junior baseball program which trains for citizenship more than for baseball; the National Education Association cited 1,000 Legion Posts for outstanding work in helping to promote better education. The William Wood Post of Falmouth has for a number of years actively conducted an oratorical contest among the high school student as part of its pro-

gram to help the youth of today understand and fully appreciate the working of that important document—the Constitution of the United States. In virtually every community in the country the Legion also conducts highway safety campaigns.

At the head of the Legion's Americanism work is a National Americanism Commission. National Headquarters have a complete division with a director and staff turned over to Americanism work. In this work, as in most of their work, the Legion place special significance on the child and the youth. Americanism Division youth training activities should not be confused with the work of the Child Welfare Division. They are each separate and important parts of the Legion program. Training is the main interest of the Americanism Division, whereas the Child Welfare Division gives personal aid to underprivileged children, spending more than \$1,000,000 annually for this purpose.

The Legion's Americanism program goes no further than the borders of the United States. They do not attempt to suggest the type of government other people should use. They maintain that the right of the American people to decide on their own form of government must be respected by other nations. Everything in this country is not perfect, or incapable of improvement and the Legion willingly admit this. But they do believe that the faults can be cured and improvements made by the American people under the American system, without the interference of paid propagandists and workers in subversive movements.

The American Legion state firmly that Fascism, Communism, Hitlerism, or any alien "isms" have no place in America. In the United States there is space for only one *ism*, and that is *Americanism!*

In view of the fact that grave dangers and a serious situation surround us on every side, each and every America loving man, woman, and child should give his support to the American Legion and their Americanism program.



# What The Young Women Of Today Think Of Military Training

*Muriel Gediman, Editor*

	Yes	No
1. Do you think the peace-time draft in a good idea?	103	15
2. Do you think there should be military training in high schools?	81	37
3. Would you voluntarily offer your services as a nurse, Red Cross worker, hostess, etc.?	115	3

FOR more than 580 days the leading nations of Europe have been at war; a war of death and destruction; a horrible terrifying war with bombs and bullets as well as with fear and famine.

For almost as many days the United States has been at war, not yet a war of death and destruction, but instead, a war of defense and preparation; a war of sacrifice and self-denial.

This war is being fought by and affects all people in the United States, young or old, but it affects most of all the young. It concerns the young men of America who must leave their homes, their jobs, their friends, and their families to undergo a year's military training. They will train, and, if necessary fight and die for America; but they have gone willingly and gladly.

This war affects the young women of America, too. Gay times and frivolity will soon be lessened and perhaps cease for them. They will be called upon to shoulder greater responsibilities and will be confronted with serious

problems concerning the common defense of all. Perhaps they will be forced to take the place of men at home, on the farm, or in the factory; they will work longer hours and do harder tasks. Their brothers, sweethearts, and husbands are being rudely snatched away for a year, if not for longer. But they, too, are making their sacrifices willingly and gladly.

Such an attitude is best exemplified by a recent poll taken by the girls in Lawrence High School. 103 girls out of 118 favored a peace-time draft; 81 girls saw the need of military training in high schools, and all but three girls would volunteer their services in any way required, should the United States declare war. The results of this poll may be considered the typical attitude of all the young women in the United States today.

They are doing their part in this war of defense and preparation of the United States. They consider it a privilege rather than a duty. This country can never go down in defeat when she has in the front line of defense—the youth of America!

## Gratias!

*Shirley Landers, '41*

THE success of a high school publication depends upon many things—hard work, expert planning, and cooperation—but most of all support. The pupils of Lawrence High help to support the *Lawrencian* by their own subscriptions and those which they sell to outsiders, but this alone is not enough. The advertisers, unheralded and unsung, are the ones who give us the extra boost. Because we take

our school paper for granted, we do not stop to consider that the several pages of advertising in the back of the *Lawrencian* are tangible evidence of the confidence the advertisers have in us. In this way they show their loyalty and interest. Not only the *Lawrencian* staff, but also the whole school join in expressing thanks to the advertisers.

## Household Arts In L. H. S.

Virginia Rowe, '41



L. H. S. SEWING ROOM  
(Photo by Vantine)

DO you realize how fortunate Lawrence High School is in having very modern cooking and sewing "labs" for the benefit of its Household Arts students? Both of these rooms are located on the ground floor of the Village School where the cooking classes may work in connection with the school cafeteria.

Upon entering the sewing room the visitor first notices a screened-in alcove with three full-length mirrors which serves as a dressing room as well as the fitting room. The sewing "lab" itself is a large, airy room with plenty of sunlight streaming in its windows. Six modern sewing machines are conveniently placed in front of the windows and the two wall ironing-boards are nearby. Cutting tables, upon which most of the dress construction takes place, form a neat rectangle in the center of the room, where students are always at work under the watchful eyes of Mrs. Bumpus. The front wall of the room is lined with closets, each fitted with twenty to thirty small drawers for the individual pupil's work.

Just across the hall is the cooking "lab" which is even larger in size. The room is divided by three long counters which accommodate from four to six students almost every hour of the day. A double sink is located in the center of each of these counters and a gas stove is placed at both ends. Under each side of the counters are two well-supplied cupboards and four drawers which contain all the necessary utensils for cooking.

The large pantry is located at the front of the class room and in this are stored all the extra cooking implements and most of the ingredients used daily.

A large alcove which opens out from the main "lab" is furnished with a china cabinet, tea wagon, and a dining table and chairs. It is in this cozy room that the Senior students serve luncheons to members of their family or other guests for the practice of cooking a whole meal and serving it properly, under the supervision of Mrs. Ruth Underwood, head of Vocational Household Arts.

The other two features of the Household Arts Department are Science and Design. The former, under the direction of Mrs. Beazley, seeks the scientific viewpoints on foods, textiles, and other subjects so common in the every day life of all of us.

Design class is an especially interesting one, as the first semester is devoted to the study of clothes, color, make-up, and hair-do's for each student as an individual; the second half is a study of fashion designing itself.

Vocational Household Arts is an extremely interesting course which offers the student practical experience for a successful career in the home, as well as providing basic training for other highly specialized fields.

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### A Student's View Point

John Lewis, '41

WHEN I made my speech before the Lawrence High School Assembly, I was a little nervous. Before I started to talk, I had the feeling that I knew what I was going to say perfectly but when I started to talk, I could see everyone was looking at me, and I almost forgot what I was going to say. I spoke on "Farming as an Occupation".

When I started to talk, I could see a lot of boys laughing. One boy even took out a newspaper and started to read it. When I saw this, I almost stopped and sat down because I thought if these boys were not interested in my speech, the rest of the boys and girls would not be interested either.

When any person gets on a platform and makes a speech in front of a crowd and sees some boys laughing and others reading newspapers, he feels like two cents, as I did. Whenever anybody is talking to me or to a crowd of people in which I am included, I always give him my attention because I know how it feels to start talking and have someone laugh at me or pay no attention to me.



*Eunice MacDougall, '41*

*Ruth Bryers, '42*

GREETINGS, fellow-publications—we have enjoyed perusing your pages and we hope you have done likewise. It has been a pleasure to present the following comments about you:

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oracle"—Van Rensselaer High School, Rensselaer, New York. This publication contains some of the best cuts we have found in our collection of correspondents. The literary department is doing good work, too. Congratulations on recent medalist honors from C. S. P. A.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Meteor"—Berlin High School, Berlin, New Hampshire. The set-up of advertisements in your latest issue is different. So many school publications use the back of the book for their "ads". We liked especially the letters, "Dear Ellie".

\* \* \* \* \*

"Record"—Newburyport High School, Newburyport, Massachusetts. We'd like to hire the writer of "Test in English" for several members of the Senior class of Lawrence High School who really want to graduate with the Class of '41. Maybe they could answer some of these questions:

What man is buried in Grant's tomb?

Is a Rhode Island "Red" a Communist?

Is there more to a grapefruit than meets the eye?

What is there about a bearded lady that is so unusual?

Was the 'Union Suit' the official uniform of the northern army during the Civil War?

If your cat ate lemons, would you have a sour-puss?

\* \* \* \* \*

"Arena"—Canisius High School, Buffalo, New York. The Christmas cuts in your late issue were beautiful. We like your poetry; there should be more of it.

"Sketch Book"—Washington Irving High School, New York City. The idea of printing drawings of your contributors is a good one. The title of your magazine couldn't have been more appropriately chosen.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Advocate"—Needham Senior High School, Needham, Mass. Clever idea, that putting a comic strip in with the advertisements. We also like the cross word puzzles.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Regis"—Regis High School, New York, N. Y. This magazine contains some of the best stories we've seen in a school publication. The book reports are excellent.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Gauntlet"—Nutley High School, Nutley, N. J. When it comes to fashion columns, yours rates among the best. We think the "Senior Shack" you have is an excellent idea, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Dial"—Brattleboro High School, Brattleboro, Vt. As usual your blockprints are "tops". Your ten best pictures of 1940, Book Chat, Thimey Thrumps are all excellent features.

SIMILE

*Elayne Stafford*

*Snowflakes are like words;*

*They may fall lightly*

*Or stingingly;*

*But lingering is the memory*

*Of their touch*

*On hand*

*Or heart.*

\* \* \* \* \*

"Conradian"—Henry C. Conrad High School, Woodcrest, Delaware. We're going to try some such scheme as "Conradian Criticism", letters to the editor from students. Your column on "Hobbies of Conradians" is an added feature. Your cover is most original.





# LISTENING

Editor—G. I. Bluff  
Assistant—I. U. Salibis

## OSWALD MEETS A LADY

### SPRING

*Spring, spring, beautiful spring!  
When forth from the ground the flow-  
ers spring,  
The snow drops, the crocuses, the daf-  
fodils too  
Thrust forth their faces to smile at you.  
Spring, spring, beautiful spring!  
'Tis then the birds begin to sing;  
Winter is past, summer is coming,  
Do you little wonder why people are  
humming?  
Spring, spring beautiful spring!  
What's so beautiful about spring?  
In winter you slipped and went down  
with a thud;  
In spring you are stuck in slimy mud.  
L. D.*

### PERSONALS

*Kitty*—Why don't you write to me?  
*Tommy*.  
*Ray*—Confidentially, I think you're  
cute. *Barbara*.  
*Buzzy*—Expecting you up for the  
Prom. *Bonny*.  
*Hank*—Come home. All is forgiven.  
*Muriel*.  
*Dicky*—Have a heart. *Helen*.  
*Jim*—Please write. Have I done any-  
thing wrong? *Patty*.

### I. JIPPUM & SON

New Stock of Neckties Just in  
(Attention! Mr. Ballard)

Extra: Our next fire sale a week  
from Tuesday.

Swamp Edwards  
(After an April shower)

Dear Mom,

The most amazing incedint happened to me today. I was jest comming off guard duty (that's when we march up and down with our guns, and say, d'you know them thar guns are empty, we couldn't shoot 'em no matter what hapened. I reely think the General or Mr. Roosevelt should no about that becus amunishun is so imporrent to Nashunall Defence. Homer, he's my buddy, and me, we're going to write to said people if something ain't done about it right soon becus we think they should no that we ain't got no amunishun.)

Well, as I was about to say, I was jest comming off guard dooty when a lady comes up to me 'n says do you know where I cud find Prt. Oswald Z. Jones from Company D, 26th Div. Gosh, mom, I was so serprised becus you know mom, that's me! I told her he was me and she seemed kinda glad like 'n then she told me she was a hostess. Golly, I jest staired and staired at her kinda hard like and, mom, she ain't no different than eny other lady in Jonesville except perhaps she ain't so homely or so fat as most of the ladys in your club. Well, then she says to me, Oswald, I have a lady over at the clubhouse who wants to sea you. Well, mom, I don't no no ladys down this a way who nose me so I got to thinking it might be you. Well I jest dropped mv gun an ran over to see who it cud be. I jest didn't find out tho becu the Sargent stopped me an ast how come I

didn't wait until the other guard come to releave me and when I told him a lady had come to see me he acted awful mad and said seeing a lady was comming to sea me I shud learn some of the finer arts so as I cud impres her. Wall, I thot that was a prety good idee to so now they'r teeching me to peal pota-  
toes.

Well, mom, after I got the potatoes pealed we had mess (that's whot we solejers call dinner.) and after mess I started to think about who it cud be comming to see me. I jest couldn't think of anyone tho so I decided to write to you n see if it was you or not.

Well, good bye, mom.

Your awfully loving son,  
Oswald

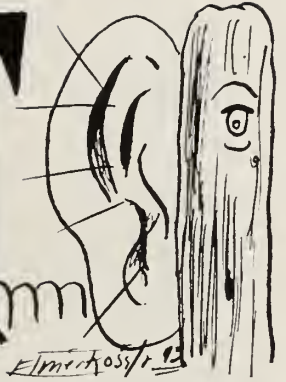
P. S. Besides pealing "spuds" we solejers are lerning other fine arts, (and incedently they'll make us better wife-  
helpers in the footure such as: mopping and sweeping floors, washing and iron-  
ing our "undies", doing dishes on K. P. dooty, and last but not least, using a  
needle to mend tears in our uniforms.

### SIGNTIFIC NOOZ

Disguvory—Algernon W. Bimble-  
bloom has recently reported that Iris-  
total, the great psilosopher, told him  
that we must exist because we can  
prove that we do not exist only when  
we do exist. Therefore, since we exist  
we can carry guns; but since we do not  
exist we do not have to be fed. Mr.  
Bimblebloom also attributed to this the  
fact that Hitler can make his people  
go without food.



# POST



## LOCAL LINES

### *Competition With a Picture*

It seems Peg has a little competition with a picture. An enlargement, no less! Ask Pete if it isn't nice to be snow-bound. Especially on the Island.

### *Medal to be Given to "Old Faithful"*

Fred, the golden-voiced tenor, ought to receive a medal for his three years' faithfulness to Edna and the way it looks now, it'll go on for another three, possibly six—why, even for a lifetime!

### *"The Cowboy and the Lady"*

We didn't know until the other day that little Miss Davis cared as strongly for cowboy songs. Indeed, she is now singing in true western style, "Lehy-oh-Lehy oh-Lehy".

### *The McInnis's vs. the McAdams's*

Kippy seems to be keeping them all on a string. We hear the latest is another "Mac" not from Scotland but from Woods Hole.

### *Wood-carving is New Craze*

John Lawrence trucks a yellow pencil engraved "je t'aime" and parades past Pat Brown of the big brown eyes. He seems to have made quite an impression too!

### *Chivalry Isn't Dead Yet*

It seems that Luana has been accompanied home these nice afternoons by that popular man of Quissett, Mr. Weeks. Indeed, he not only walks home with her, but also carries her books.

Our Motto: Give a man enough rope and he will hang himself.

Jointly Sponsored by

AMERICAN JUTE MFG. CO.

and

STATE PRISON AUTHORITIES

## EXTRA! EXTRA!

### *Big Smashup*

The biggest surprise of the year was the C-M smashup on February 27th. No reason is given for the accident, but M is quoted as saying that the road was a bit rocky. Miss C escaped uninjured and apparently is suffering no ill effects. At first, Mr. M was thought to have broken his heart, but upon examination it was found to be just a slight sprain. He is recovering rapidly, hastening his recuperation by spending his weekends on the Islands.

## QUIZ ME, DIZ

### *Question of the Day*

If you were eating a meal consisting of a nail, a vegetable and tonic, what three L. H. S. teachers would you be consuming?

### Give up?

Mr. Baker (Spike), Mr. Allen (Squash), and Mr. Ballard (Pop).

## BEST SELLERS

*The Valiant Heart*—Tommy

*Singing Beach*—Gete

*For Whom the Bell Tolls*—Carl

*To Sing with the Angels*—Dorothy

and Louise

*Remember Today*—Pete

*One Foot in Heaven*—Muriel

*Men and Memories*—Jinny

*Wings On My Feet*—Mac

### Buy

### FRESH TRIPE

(New variety of Fish)

Just off the Hook

at

POLLY LORD'S FISH MARKET

## PERSONALS

### *Red Hits New High*

Strawberry blondes seem to be in the limelight these days. Especially after the minstrel show. Why, Nat was just "sitting on top of the world" when she was presented with flowers that night, but we now hear that the fervor of first love has died.

### *Beat, Beat Heart!*

That little newcomer to the Junior class with the quaint name of Jan, has caused quite a fuss. If you listen closely in any of the Junior class rooms, the thumps of the males' hearts are distinctly audible.

### *We Two Stick Together*

Molly and Marion certainly have the same tastes. Even to boy friends they choose males from the same clan. By the way, the Parker boys have been heard singing "The Same Old Story".

### *The Army Takes Over*

"There is something about a soldier"—especially "Mine, mine, mine,"—toots Muriel on her trumpet! Whether it's the buttons on the uniform or not, these khaki-clad boys certainly get their women.

### *Coming Attractions*

"Rhett Butler" Peterson and "Scarlett O'Hara" Rowe co-starring in the latest hit "They Knew What They Wanted."

"Casanova" Carl and Amorous Anita co-starring in a newcomer "What is This Thing Called Love?"

### !!Just Off The Press!!

Only Complete Book of its Kind

NEW

UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY

OF CUSS WORDS

by Prof. M. J. Roups



# Who's Who In L. H. S.

*Candid Shots by James Harding, '41*



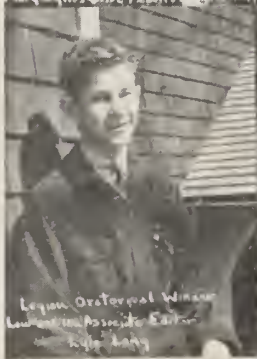
Senior Honor Student  
Miss McDiarmid  
Miss McDiarmid  
Miss McDiarmid  
Miss McDiarmid



Mike Madal  
Roland Baker



John K...  
...  
...



League Oratorical Winner  
Lawrencian Associate Editor  
Rylee King



Senior Honor Student  
L. H. S. State  
Mumford's Debater  
Lawrencian Editor-in-Chief  
Muriel Lockwood



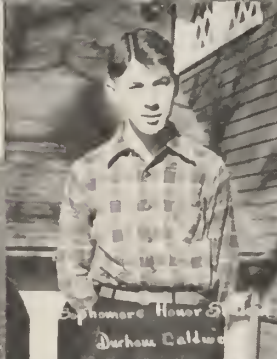
Circulation and Advertising Manager  
Azel Young  
Malena Fish



Student  
Catherine



Senior Vice President  
L.H.S. State  
L.H.S. State  
L.H.S. State



Sophomore Honor Student  
Duchow Caldwell



Agricultural  
John Lewis



Lawrencian Art Editor  
Miss Booker



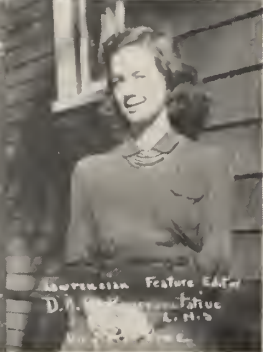
L. H. S. Star Girl  
Clara Peters  
Jean Wright



Senior Honor Student  
Lawrencian Photographer  
James Harding



Junior Class - Eagle Scout  
Milton Servis



Lawrencian Feature Editor  
D. J. ...  
L. H. S.





## Brain Teasers Contest Offered To All L. H. S. Students

**P**ROFESSOR Lawrencian offers all students of L. H. S. the opportunity to take out their brains, dust them off, and put them back to use on these five perfectly simple "brain teasers"

This contest is open to all students of this school. It contains problems of varying degrees of difficulty. Two prizes—two free copies of the Commencement issue of the *Lawrencian*—will be awarded, one to the senior who submits the best complete solutions to these problems, and one to the junior or sophomore who submits the best set of solutions to these problems. In judging the solutions, correct answers, completeness, and neatness will be taken into consideration. Solutions will be judged by James Harding, head of the contest, with the aid of the Mathematics department. Contestants may submit solutions either to James Harding or Mr. Ballard of the Mathematics department. All solutions must be in before May 7, 1941.

### Problems

1. A nine-ribbed umbrella is stripped of its fabric so that the ribs remain straight when opened. The ribs are opened so that each rib makes an angle of  $15^{\circ} 13'$  with the center stick. What is the angle that each rib makes with the adjacent rib?
2. If the shell of a hollow ball is three inches thick and contains one-sixth of the cubical contents of the whole ball, what is the outer circumference of the ball?
3. Through a twelve inch cube there is bored diagonally a six inch hole. What volume of the cube was removed?
4. An artist had a four foot square window in his studio. He wanted to make one-half of it opaque and still have a square window four feet high and four feet wide. How did he do it?
5. Three men, A, B, and C, are blindfolded. I say to them the following: "I will rub the forehead of each one of you. I will put a smudge on one, two, three, or none of you. When the blindfolds are removed; I want you to tap on the floor if you see either one or two smudges." Then I marked all three of them. All tapped, and then A announced that he knew he was marked. How did he prove that he was marked?

### Veteran Cast Of "Spring Dance" Predicts Sell-Out House

**L**AURENCE High is awaiting with keen interest this year's Dramatic Club offering "Spring Dance", a comedy in three acts by Philip Barry, which is to be presented sometime in May.

The stars scheduled to appear are as follows: Kate McKimm, Patricia Brown; Frances Fenn, Carol Barrows; Sally Prescott, Muriel Gediman; Mady Platt, Jan Prevost; Alex Benson, Catherine Waters; The Lippincott, Cornelius Spillare; Walter Becket, Durham Caldwell; Sam Thatcher, John Lawrence; Doc Boyd, Donald MacQuarrie; Buck Buchanan, Carleton Collins; Mildred, Marguerite Lumbert; John Hatton, John DeRose.

The play is being directed by Miss Barbara Follansbee and Mrs. Elsie Perlot.

### Editor Again State Champion

Muriel Gediman, state champion of humorous declamation for the second time in the National Forensic League contest held in Northampton late in March, will go to Kentucky to compete in the N. F. L. finals on April 25.

**Five Senior Honor Students Named**

PRINCIPAL Marshall recently announced the names of the senior honor students who have attained an average of 90% or over during their three years of high school. They are Gertrude Atkinson, Carol Barrows, Margaret Carlson, Muriel Gediman, and James Harding.

**Honor List**

Month ending January 3, 1941.

*Senior*

Muriel Gediman

*Sophomores*

Eugene Baker                      Durham Caldwell  
Luana Wirick

**Certificate List**

Month ending January 3, 1941.

*Seniors*

Margaret Carlson	Anita Manley
James Harding	George Mixer
Priscilla Hildreth	Allen Peterson
Eunice MacDougall	Virginia Rowe

*Juniors*

Eleanor McLaughlin	Antone Souza
Natalie Robertson	Marguerite Troop

*Sophomores*

Jean Barrows	Maxine Holmes
Lillian Botelho	Robert Peterson
Raymond DePonte	Richard Strand
John Tsiknas	

**Honor List**

Month ending February 28, 1941.

*Seniors*

Gertrude Atkinson	James Harding
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*Junior*

Madalyn Hathaway

*Sophomore*

Durham Caldwell

**Certificate List**

Month ending February 28, 1941.

*Seniors*

Carol Barrows	Muriel Gediman
Mura Booker	Guinivere Hinckley

*Juniors*

Eleanor McLaughlin	Marguerite Troop
--------------------	------------------

*Sophomores*

Eugene Baker	Raymond DePonte
Jean Barrows	Patsy Holden
Lillian Botelho	Richard Strand

**Fourteen Students Enjoy Annual Washington Trip**

*Jean Wagner, '42*

FRIDAY, April 4, marked the departure of the long awaited Washington Trip vacationists. Twelve seniors, one junior, and one sophomore happily boarded the steamship leaving Boston at 5:30 p. m.

Arriving at New York the next day, they took a bus and proceeded to Washington via Maryland. During their two and a half days' sojourn, they visited Mount Vernon, Masonic Memorial, Arlington National Cemetery, Washington Monument, Smithsonian and National Museums, Congressional Library, Franciscan Monastery, Bureau of Printing and Engraving, the Capitol, National Cathedral, Washington Zoo, and the F. B. I.

Continuing their bus trip, they went through Shenandoah, Virginia, enjoyed the beauty of the Shenandoah Caverns, and toured historic Gettysburg and Valley Forge. Returning to New York, they viewed the sights of the city. After a week of sight-seeing, the students found themselves homeward bound.

The party of fourteen, chaperoned by Miss Arlene Sheehan of the Lawrence High School faculty, included: Shirley Landers, Claire Higgins, Jean Hall, Eunice MacDougall, Anita Manley, Lucile Studley, Martha Vincent, Edward Handy, James Harding, Richard Alberts, Abraham Cohen, Harold Spooner, Norman Eldridge, and Carleton Wing.

**Assistant Editor Wins First Place In Legion Oratorical Contest**

AMIDST the tumultuous applause of fellow students, Lyle Long won first place in the Legion Oratorical Contest. His subject was "Religious Toleration, America's Gift."

Second prize was awarded to Muriel Gediman, who spoke on "The Constitution In A Changing World." John Lawrence took third honors with his offering, "A Two-House Congress."

Other participants were Patricia Brown, who spoke on "Democracy's Origin"; Marguerite Troop, who offered "The American Bill of Rights"; and Harold Spooner who discussed "The Constitutional Powers of the President."

Chairman of the judges was Kempton Coady, principal of Bourne High School, who was assisted by the Reverend Waldo Dunn and Alan D. Craig.

## "The Little Theatre of the Air"

*Catherine Waters, '41*

Time—3:30 Eastern Standard Time

THIS is Cape Cod's own station WOCB, broadcasting from West Yarmouth, Mass. Every Thursday at this time we bring you "The Little Theatre of the Air". This program, presented for the ninth consecutive week, is sponsored by the Falmouth Community Center. These plays are under the direction of Mrs. Elsie Perlot with the cooperation of Miss Barbara Follansbee, director of the Lawrence High School Dramatic Club, and Miss Kathleen Arenovski, Junior English Teacher of Lawrence High School. The plays already presented are as follows:

The first play presented was the Scholastic Prize Play "Sixteen". The cast included: Announcer, Bernard Cassidy; The girl, Catherine Waters; The mother, Muriel Gediman; The boy, Cornelius Spillane; Sound effects, Harold Spooner.

The second of the Scholastic Group was "The American Answer". The cast was: Announcer, Willina DeChambeau; Ruth, Patricia Brown; John, John De Rose; Father, William Fox; Stranger, Bernard Cassidy; Sound effects, Elizabeth Jordan.

The third was to celebrate George Washington's birthday and was called "George Washington". The cast was: Announcer, Elmer Ross; George Washington, Cornelius Spillane; Betty, Norma Peterson; Jack, Bernard Cassidy; Ted, John De Rose; Servant, Elmer Ross; Sound effects, Elmer Ross.

The fourth was "When the Sun Rises". The cast was: Louise, Margaret Cassidy; Tom, John DeRose; Nurse, Elizabeth Jordan.

The fifth was "Mark Twain Digs For Gold". Announcer, Roland Baker; Mark Twain, Lyle Long; Cal Higbie, John Lawrence; Mr. Goodman, Donald Graham; Mr. McCarthy, John DeRose.

The sixth was the wild and woolly "Remember the Alamo". The cast was: Announcer, Cornelius Spillane; General Sam Houston, Roland Baker; Mrs. Dickinson, Eleanor McLaughlin; Deaf Smith, Bernard Cassidy; Almonte, John De Rose; General Santa Ana, Cornelius Spillane; Juanita, Louise Brown; Music, Richard DeMello; Sound effects, Evangeline Tollio.

Other half-hour plays presented were "The Violin Maker of Cramona", "Jimmy Runs Away", and "The Spy Ring".

Tune in next week at this same time for another in this series.

## — Assemblies —

### MILITARY

A MILITARY assembly was presented in the Hall School Auditorium by the 68th C. A. (AA) Band from Camp Edwards. The program consisted of marches and several medleys. The concert was closed by the playing of the National Anthem.

### ADVENTUROUS

One of the most interesting of the month was "Bound for Washington", a pictorial review which displayed colorful scenes of the Capital.

### MINSTREL SHOW

Hidden talent in L. H. S. was suddenly brought to the front by the Falmouth Community Center Minstrel Show. A special program was arranged for the high school by Connie Creeden, who directed the show. All dignity forgotten and decked out in hilarious costumes, Cornelius Spillane, James Moran, Harold Spooner, Bernard Cassidy and Elmer Ross presented a very entertaining half-hour of songs and dances.

### PATRIOTIC

Wilfrid Wheeler, guest speaker for the February 12 assembly presented various episodes of Lincoln's life. Mr. Wheeler showed the students an original photo of Lincoln taken 75 years ago. In addition to our patriotic program, the Dramatic Club repeated its excellent radio play, "Sixteen".

### "REMEMBER THE ALAMO"

Perhaps the most intriguing feature of the varied assembly on March 19 was the play "Remember the Alamo", presented by Miss Arenovski's English class. This play was presented as it was on the radio, and the students could see as well as hear the actual sound effects. In addition to the play, there was a speech by State Fire Warden Lincoln Estes, stressing fire prevention.

### "AT THE BIG GAME"

Muriel Gediman's prize winning reading, "The Big Game" was the feature of the assembly on April 2. The singing of songs made up the rest of the program which was arranged by Catherine Waters.



## Jottings Of A Juvenile Journalist

Muriel Gediman, '41

NEW York at last . . . bright lights, and strange sights . . . how we laughed when the man from the Hotel who met us at the train mistook us for open-mouthed and over-awed hicks . . . us, the seasoned sophisticates! The convention itself . . . meeting 3000 other student journalists . . . new ideas . . . new thoughts . . . and so many good speakers . . . how to take them all in? How to make the most of this golden opportunity . . . frantically jotting down notes and wondering afterwards what on earth they said . . . the drawling Southern drool . . . the twangy Western talk . . . and everyone saying to everyone else "My, how strangely you talk!" . . . Glimpses of college life, and we do mean life, at Barnard . . . Miss Arenovski's speech . . . a big success . . . the two stage shows we took in . . . my first radio broadcast . . . our window-wishing tour of 5th Avenue . . . the moving speech by the Minister from Finland at our banquet on Saturday . . . And at last . . . Cape Cod again . . . peace and quiet and memories galore of a most marvelous convention.

### Seniors Present Bruce The Magician

**A**DIP into the realm of mystery with Bruce the Magician and his deluxe magical revue provided over 500 enthusiastic spectators with a full two hours of fun at the Hall School Auditorium on March 28.

Presenting a pleasing array of startling mysteries, including: Sawing a lady in half, sensational pillory escapes, aerial fishery, and a vanishing bird cage and canary, Bruce continually held his appreciative audience in suspense.

This was a financial as well as a social success for the Senior Class, for it netted over \$50.

### Sweetheart Dance

**T**HE first venture of the Sophomore Class, a Sweetheart Dance on February 15, was a great success. The program included a great variety of dances including the Conga, Rhumba, Waltz, and Fox-trot. Prizes were given for the Waltz Contest which was won by Eugene Higgins and Patsy Holden and for a Spot Dance which was won by Carleton Miller and Mary Mann. The chaperons, Mr. and Mrs. Beazley, Mr. and Mrs. Tassinari, and Mr. Baker acted as judges. In an atmosphere of subdued lighting and with the use of the turntable, the affair proved a great success, socially and financially.

## L. H. S. Off Campus

Patty Berg, '41

*March 12*—Lyle Long, Muriel Gediman, and Catherine Waters went to Barnstable to compete with other schools in the Southeastern district Contest in the National Forensic League.

First prizes in the humorous declamation division and in the original oratory division went to Muriel Gediman, while Lyle Long placed second in the original oratory division.

*March 13*—Miss Arenovski, adviser, and Muriel Gediman, editor-in-chief of the *Lawrencian*, left for New York to attend the seventeenth annual Columbia Scholastic Press Association Convention. Miss Arenovski was invited to speak on "Planning the Magazine" at one of the sectional meetings. Medalist and All-Columbian honors were awarded to the *Lawrencian*.

Music festival at New London, Conn., had David Cassick, John Lawrence, John Tsiknas, and Muriel Carl as representatives from L. H. S.

*March 14*—John Lewis, a senior taking the Agricultural course, spoke before the Rotary Club on "Farming as an Occupation".

*March 17*—Five senior girls—Nancy Baker, Priscilla Hildreth, Carol Barrows, Patricia Nye, and Catherine Waters—gave interesting talks on the various occupations of women today at W. C. T. U. guest program.

*March 18*—Virginia Rowe was L. H. S. Senior representative at the D. A. R. Convention held in the Copley Plaza Hotel in Boston.

*March 20*—At the Legion district oratorical preliminaries, held in Whitman, Lyle Long won second place for his original essay—"Religious Toleration, America's Gift."

*March 22*—Older Boys' Conference was held at Yarmouth. Three L. H. S. boys—Roland Baker, Durham Caldwell, and John Lawrence—enjoyed a varied and educational program.

*March 28*—Muriel Gediman and Lyle Long attended the State Convention of the National Forensic League at Northampton. Muriel captured top honors in the humorous declamation division and returned—State Champion for the second year.

*March 31*—John Lawrence, James Harding, and Catherine Waters were interviewed by Dean Nils Y. Wessell of Tufts College as possible candidates for a four-year scholarship at Tufts.



Carol Barrows, '41 — Jeanne Davis, '42

## Dean's List

**O**UTSTANDING records by several graduates of L. H. S. have been made in educational institutions throughout the country. Eugene Lawrence, L. H. S. '37, and a senior at M. I. T. has been an Honor Student the past three and one-half years . . . The following are on the Dean's lists at their respective colleges: Milford Hatch, L. H. S. '40, at Brown University; Ralph Long, L. H. S. '39, at Tufts College; Robert Brown, L. H. S. '37, at the Michigan College of Mining and Technology; Richard Barry, L. H. S. '40, at Dartmouth College; George Kariotis, L. H. S. '40, at Northeastern University; and James Weigel, L. H. S. '36, at Syracuse University . . . Stephen Papp, L. H. S. '38, second rank at Massachusetts State College; Harry Lee Clark, L. H. S. '37, a senior at Harvard, is a candidate for a degree in Physics, with honor . . . Roberta Jones, L. H. S. '40, just missed being on the Dean's list at Salem State Teachers College by one subject—penmanship! . . . George Stevenson, L. H. S. '39, remains in the upper tenth of his class at the Massachusetts Nautical School.

## Alumni News

DONALD K. ABBOTT, L. H. S. '35, recently addressed fellow students in a chapel service at Drew University, Madison, N. J., where, as a member of the Sophomore Class, he also participates in such activities as fencing, dramatics, and work on the staff of *The Acorn*, the college paper.

RUTH BOWMAN, L. H. S. '38, and a graduate of Lasell Junior College is employed in Filene's Shop in Falmouth.

JAMES Q. COBB, L. H. S. '35 and Holy Cross '39, was a reporter for the *Falmouth Enterprise* until he was recently drafted by Uncle Sam. He is now stationed at Fishers Island, N. Y.

CONSTANCE DEMELLO, L. H. S. '40, has recently been elected president of next year's

Sophomore Class at Bryant College, Providence.

JOHN FRANCO, L. H. S. '32 and a graduate of Massachusetts State College, recently was graduated from Tufts Medical School and is now serving his internship.

ROBERT GRIFFIN, L. H. S. '36, will receive his Sc. B. in Engineering from Brown University this June.

OTIS HUNT, L. H. S. '36 and also a candidate for Sc. B. in Engineering at Brown University this June, recently had charge of a discussion meeting at a two-day religious "Embassy" sponsored by the Brown Christian Association.

ALFRED IRISH, L. H. S. '37 and a junior at Northeastern University, is manager of the college baseball team this year.

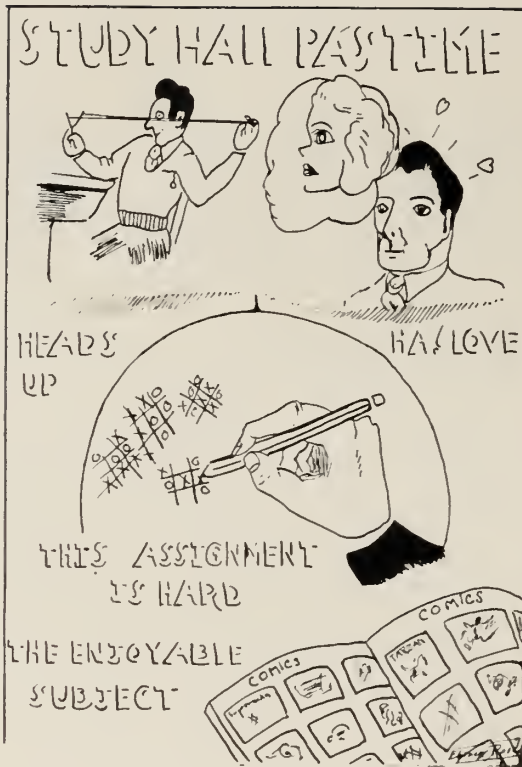
ISABEL JENKINS, L. H. S. '33 and a graduate of Bridgewater State Teachers' College has been teaching in the Falmouth School since her graduation in 1937.

CHARLOTTE MCKENZIE, L. H. S. '40 has been elected president of her class at Barnard College for next year.

HENRY PETERS, L. H. S. '34 and a senior at the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, recently concluded a 2000-mile educational trip with other members of the senior class to Cleveland, Detroit, and Washington, D. C.

HELEN LOUISE STUDLEY, L. H. S. '33 and secretary to the principals of Lawrence High School and the Henry W. Hall School, was married to Winthrop R. W. Sylvia of Quisset on March 14. The ceremony, performed by candlelight by the Rev. Richard Bailey, occurred at the bridegroom's home in Quisset. After a short motor trip, the couple are at their new home in Acapesket. Congratulations and best wishes to the couple from the members of the *Laurencian* Staff!

CAROLYN U. TURNER, L. H. S. '37 will be graduated from Bridgewater State Teachers' College in June.



## O Homework! My Homework!

(With apologies to Walt Whitman)

Lyle Long, '42

O Homework! my homework! the end of year draws nigh,  
 We two have weathered every rack, quite sprayed with alibis,  
 The end is near, that day I fear, which is upon me creeping,  
 But brace your chin, O hardy lad, there is no sense in weeping;  
 But O heart! heart! heart!  
 O, how can you leap in fun,  
 While in the desk my Homework lies,  
 Miser'bly undone.

O Homework! my Homework! come out, o'er you I'll strain!  
 Come out—for you the teachers cry—for you their old refrain,  
 For you they rave, and rant, and roar—for you their voices singing,  
 For you they call, they're coming all, their eager hands are clawing;  
 Here Homework! dear comrade!  
 (I have no closer one!)  
 It is some dream that in the desk  
 You're miser'bly undone.

My Homework lies before me, his form is incomplete,  
 My comrade answers not my thought, his frame is quite un-neat.  
 At last! He answers to my will, the task draws to a close,  
 With might and main, with sweat and strain,  
 together we arose;  
 Come comrade, together stand!  
 Together we have won,  
 Together stand with hand in hand,  
 Now our task is done.



## How Come?

Roland Baker, '42

AS I gaze into the sky  
 And all my open thoughts grow tense,  
 I wonder just how high is high;  
 If all my thoughts make sense.

Is space as long as time itself?  
 Does it go on and on and on?  
 Or is there an end upon a shelf?  
 If so, what's outside this paragon?

We can not contemplate in our cranium;  
 Our minds are not that strong,  
 The question will always be, how come?  
 As long as long is long.





## Varsity Nine Has Seven Veterans on Field — Basketball Squad Loses Seven Seniors

### FROM THE MOUND

*Durham Caldwell, '43*

After a disappointing baseball season last year, Coach Elmer Fuller is confidently looking forward to a successful new season. The only regulars from last year who are *not* returning are . . . outfielder Cavanaugh and third sacker-pitcher Bud Davis. No doubt Gordon Stewart and Dick Alberts of last year's team will take over the regular pitching tasks . . . aided perhaps by some ambitious sophomores. At the receiving end will be . . . Gordon Green, last year's regular catcher.

At first you will most likely see "Pop" Moran . . . at second, Frank Marks . . . Hicks is returning at short-stop, . . . and third base is open, the only vacant spot on the team. In the outfield, reading from left to right, will be Allan Williams . . . Art Medeiros . . . and Carlo Pena.

Coach Fuller at present is worrying only about finding a good third baseman and *not* about the tough schedule confronting the team. With the large sophomore class . . . the hot corner spot will probably be quickly filled . . . and some of the junior and senior veterans may find themselves doing bench warming duty.

### The L.H.S. Baseball Schedule

April:

- 22—Sandwich (away)
- 25—Barnstable (away)
- 29—Fairhaven (away)

May:

- 6—Fairhaven (home)
- 13—Sandwich (home)
- 16—Bourne (away)
- 20—Wareham (home)
- 23—Wareham (away)
- 29—Bourne (home)

June:

- 4—Barnstable (home)
- 6—N. B. Vocational (home)

### OFF THE BACKBOARD

*John Lawrence, '42*

Once again, basketball is a thing of the past . . . 1941 edition of the Crimson Tide fared fairly well . . . Ye scribe, however, certainly was "out on a limb" . . . predicted nine wins, three defeats . . . Fullermen victorious seven times, beaten five . . . Lino, high man with 111 points, proved one of best forwards on the Cape, and certainly the scrappiest . . . Paltz, flashy sophomore, proved his worth . . . second highest scorer of season with 87 points . . . nothing bad can be said of him . . . Mixer backbone of Crimson defense and snappy ball handler . . . Alberts greatest individual improvement . . . displayed dead eye on long shots . . . fourth highest scorer . . . Mann good ball handler and shooter, but took over "Retsel's" coveted (?) position of "minute man" . . . disappointment to fans . . . "Buzzy" Collins made vast headway at guard position . . . unsung hero of Cape Tourney . . . sunk five out of seven fouls in final Edgartown game . . . with due credit to other players, and apologies for no more individual praise, *Off the Backboard* ends with . . . may the 1942 Edition of the Crimson Tide do as well without Collins, Corey, Mixer, Alberts, Mann, Williams, and Pena (who graduate), as the 1941 Edition did with them.

### TOWN BALL

*Durham Caldwell, '43*

"Town ball" is an ancient form of baseball played throughout the rural communities of the South, where regular baseball equipment is scarce. It is played much the same as the national pastime; however, the only necessary equipment is a bat (often a small board is used), four makeshift bases, and any rubber ball, preferably a sponge one of about three inches in diameter.

Any number can, and do, play. Teams are usually chosen in the same manner as sandlot baseball teams, tossing the bat for first choice. One side takes the field and the other naturally is "up".

The only established positions are  
(Continued on Page 34)



L. H. S. HOOPSTERS  
 (Left to right): Lucinda Hicks, Betty Jordan, Irene Wright, Capt.; Ruth Bryers, Clara Peters, Luana Wirick, Coach Beazley.

### Hoopsters Capture Girls' Intramural Championship

IN spite of the stiff opposition put up by the Spartans, Irene Wright's Hoopsters carried off the championship of the L. H. S. Girls' Round-Robin in two one-sided contests by the spectacular scores of 32-18 and 32-16.

Forced to play off a tie for first place, the Hoopsters and Spartans continued with these two extra-scheduled games, in which Spartans, captained by Patricia Brown, went down to defeat, but not without a struggle.

1941 marked a change in policy concerning girls' basketball. The L. H. S. girls continued their basketball with only an intramural, and not an interscholastic, schedule, for the first time in the history of the school. As a result of this new custom, three excellent teams were formed. These teams were:

*Hoopsters:* Irene Wright, Capt., Luana Wirick, Clara Peters, Lucinda Hicks, Ruth Bryers, Betty Jordan, Marguerite Lumbert.

*Spartans:* Pat Brown, Capt., Althea Illgen, Adeline Mills, Nancy Cameron, Louise Brown, Evangeline Tolloio, Jean Wagner.

*Convertible Aces:* Kathleen McAdams, Capt., Dorothy Maceda, Peggy Troop, Adeline Fish, Connie Cole, Edna Warren.

### Girl's Scoring Record

Convertible Aces	1	Hoopsters	0
Hoopsters	15	Spartans	14
Convertible Aces	10	Spartans	18
Hoopsters	16	Spartans	16
Convertible Aces	5	Hoopsters	22
Convertible Aces	11	Spartans	23
Spartans	18	Hoopsters	32
Spartans	16	Hoopsters	32

### Girl's Statistics

	Pts.	Games	Av.
Clara Peters	46	4	11.2
Luana Wirick	32	3	10.6
Adeline Mills	32	4	8.0
Althea Illgen	33	5	6.6

### Boys' Record

Falmouth 21; Bourne 10	— Jan. 4.
Falmouth 35; Sandwich 8	— Jan. 7
Falmouth 27; Wareham 30	— Jan. 28.
Falmouth 24; Fairhaven 53	— Jan. 31.
Falmouth 27; Sandwich 25	— Feb. 4.
Falmouth 38; Edgartown 25	— Feb. 7.
Falmouth 25; Wareham 13	— Feb. 11.
Falmouth 51; Fairhaven 59	— Feb. 14.
Falmouth 34; Bourne 17	— Feb. 18.
Falmouth 27; Edgartown 43	— Feb. 28.
Falmouth 36; Barnstable 29	— Mar. 4.
Falmouth 21; Barnstable 27	— Mar. 7.
Totals—	
Falmouth 366; Opposition 339.	
Average Score—	
Falmouth 30.50; Opposition 28.25.	

### Falmouth Slaughters Bourne In Opener

In the opening game of the season, Falmouth triumphed easily over a much weaker team, to win, 21-10. Falmouth held the lead all the way, forging ahead of the Upper-Cape lads at the half, 12-6. Mixer was the high man, with ten points. Corey and Lino each had five and four points, respectively.

\* \* \*

### Crimson Swamps Sandwich

For the first time since the famous 1938 hurricane, Nobska was forced to run up storm warnings. The Crimson tide had arisen! The Sandwich boys donned their slickers and rubber hip-boots, and valiantly tried to check this avalanche, but were properly given a sousing, 35-8. At this, the Canal lads hove to, and ran before the wind until they dropped anchor in Sandwich. Lino was the most formidable whitecap and succeeded in tangling Sandwich's nets five times, to obtain a total of ten points. Medeiros followed with six.

\* \* \*

### Falmouth Suffers First Defeat

Twenty-eight is twice fourteen. Fourteen is one more than thirteen. Anyway, January 28 was a sad day for Falmouth, for the Crimson was closely edged by Wareham, 27-30, at the off-Cape gym. Unaccustomed to such a small gym, the Tide did remarkably well, with Paltz and Corey bearing the brunt of the defeat. These boys did superbly, however, and garnered seven and six points, respectively.

\* \* \*

### Obituary Notice

Lawrence High School, Falmouth, Massachusetts. Age: two wins, one defeat. Massacred by Fairhaven assassins in Hall School gym. Survived by five relatives and their children. Funeral services to be held Feb. 4, 1941, at the scene of the crime, at 8:00 p. m., when the survivors will play Sandwich. Referee Kraft will officiate. The public will be invited.

Editor's note:—The score was 53-24.

**Crimson Noses Sandwich**

In an exciting return game on the Sandwich court, Falmouth eked out a victory over a revengeful Sandwich five. The crimson boys led at all times, but during the second half, the outlook was none too good. Without Lino's valuable support, the team would certainly have gone down in defeat. Much credit should also be given to Mixer and Paltz, who were rocks on defense and meteors on the offense. The final score was 27-25.

\* \* \*

**Crimson Easily Takes Edgartown**

Led by "Leapin'" Lino, the Falmouth quintet roared on to take Edgartown 38-25 February 7 in the Hall School gym. Before one of the largest crowds of the season, the Island boys started off from the first with "victory" written all over their faces; but they had failed to make provision for George Lino, flashy Crimson forward of no little ability and repute. When the whistle blew for the half, George had individually swished through the nets fourteen of the sixteen points which graced the Falmouth scoreboard. Although the score at this point was 16-15, some of the boys seemed to catch Lino's disease; for within the first four minutes, the local boys had put themselves substantially ahead, with a lead never to be broken. "Buzz" Collins gave everyone a pleasant surprise by setting up three quick ones in a row to start the crowd yelling its acclamation. Final score, 38-25.

\* \* \*

**Boys' Statistics**

<i>Man</i>	<i>Points</i>
Lino	111
Paltz	87
Mixer	53
Alberts	40
Collins	26
Corey	20
Medeiros	13
Pena	8
Mann	6
Williams	1
Peterson	1

**Wareham Trimmed 25 - 13**

Smarting from an earlier season defeat, Falmouth got sweet revenge in a return game with Wareham, and contemptuously chalked up two points for every one of the opposition's. Lino, who was on the ball again, rang up six field goals and two free throws to tally fourteen points in the one-sided conflict. The Crimson hoopsters, showing a flash of what Falmouth is reputed to be, never lost the lead.

\* \* \*

**Tide Drenches Bourne**

The Crimson Tide rolled over Bourne, drenching them 34-17 in a return game in the Hall School gym, which should quench any future thirst Bourne might have for battle. Dick Alberts, who had been improving steadily all season, showed his worth by piling up five field goals for a total of ten points, and Paltz, riding on the crest of the wave which constituted Falmouth's attack dropped through fourteen points' worth.

\* \* \*

**Team Suffers Severe Setback**

Like some characters from a Buck Rogers story, the Edgartown warriors stepped forth and disintegrated the Crimson, 43-27, in a second tilt held at the Island. After having won the first game, the second proved quite a setback to the Falmouth lads.

\* \* \*

**Home Boys Fare Better In Return Tilt**

In a return game with Fairhaven, the Falmouth lads gave the heavily-favored off-Cape team one of the worst scares it had all season, by almost tying the score in the last half. Fans from both localities were kept on their feet shouting the better part of the second half, when the Crimson found itself suddenly clicking. Ray Paltz, sophomore star center, put his name in the books as the best ball handler seen in a long, long time. More than one Falmouth fan cursed the time-keeper when the final whistle blew, with the score board reading Fairhaven 59, Falmouth 51.

**Crimson Wins First — Loses Second Against Barnstable**

In the two games climaxing the Tide's season which were played with Barnstable, odds were pretty even, with both teams winning on their home floors. In the first, Paltz was high with fourteen points; the team literally winning the game on fouls by sinking 12 out of 19. The final score was 36-29. In the second, held three days later at Barnstable, Lino was high for Falmouth. Ray Paltz was unable to hold down Lebel, and the flashy Hyannis center walked off with the honors, chucking a total of four field goals and two fouls for ten points. The Crimson came out on the short end—score 27-21. Both games were well-seasoned with fouls, but Referee Kelley did a good job in keeping the games clean.

\* \* \*

**Crimson Goes To Semi-finals Before Bowing To Edgartown 23 - 21**

In the annual all-Cape tourney held again this year in Bourne, Falmouth gave its numerous fans a most pleasing first night by trouncing a much weaker but nevertheless game Harwich team, 36-21. Lino went wild, getting a total of 12 points, and Mixer was hard on his heels with 11. Johnson was high for Harwich with 6.

This win put the Falmouth team in the semi-finals, and scheduled to meet Edgartown. The game was one of the highlights of the evening, and the crowd was not disappointed. Both Paltz and Brown, the opposing centers, had their eyes, and Paltz especially showed how snappy basketball should be played. The husky sophomore was everywhere at once, but always in the right places. Collins knew where those rims were, too, and sank five free tosses out of seven, with an extra field goal thrown in.

Even though Edgartown nosed through to win 23-21, equal credit should be given both teams for a hard, scrappy fight. The 1941 edition of the Crimson Tide could have fared much worse.





L. H. S. BOYS' SECOND TEAM  
 (Left to right): Frank Marks, Eugene Baker, Alvin Nickerson, Richard Sample, Capt.; Sam Cahoon, Gordon Stewart.

### Second Team Has Successful Season

With a record that put the first team to shame, the second-string Crimson quintet rolled on to cop ten games out of eleven played. The only game lost was one played at Wareham, in a gym the size of a child's playroom. Even then, the Fullermen made things plenty hot for the off-Cape lads and lost the game by a heartbreaking score of 17-15.

Cahoon proved the biggest "find" of the season. The lanky sophomore rolled up 58 points in the course of the season. Next highest were Peterson with 33, Cassick with 30, Sample with 29, and Stewart with 28. "Pete" also got a smell of Tournament play, when he proved his worth as an able guard. Both Cassick and Sample had their good and bad nights, but on their good ones, which predominated, they were plenty hot. Stewart also lost some of his football tactics and displayed good basketball technique throughout the season.

### Town Ball

(Continued from Page 31)

pitcher and hind-catcher. The pitcher takes the "mound", any fairly central spot between the bases, and the hind-catcher goes behind the plate, usually standing from six to eight feet in back. The rest of the players scatter over the infield and outfield.

The batter is allowed as many strikes as he can get, providing the catcher

does not catch the ball on the first bounce after he strikes. If he hits the ball on either of his first two strikes he does not have to run if he thinks he can get a better hit the third time. The third time the batter hits the ball he must run, unless it goes into foul territory, which is the same as a foul in regular baseball.

The batter can be put out by catching the ball on the fly or on the first bounce, by tagging or "soaking" the runner with the ball as he runs to the base, or by cutting him off (throwing the ball in front of him when running to first base), or throwing the ball both in front and back of him while between any other bases. Naturally, a runner can not be put out when on a base except when forced, as no two players can occupy the same base.

When a batter or runner is put out he goes into the "bull pen" on the opposite side of the plate from the batting line. The whole side must be retired before the opposition bats. If a player hits a home run (three guesses what that is) he has the privilege of choosing any man from the bull pen to come stand behind him in the batting line. If a score is kept the runs are counted as they cross home plate as in baseball.

As there are no limited number of innings this process is repeated until everybody has to go home to do the chores or the recess bell rings.

### Basketball For Girls

Gertrude Atkinson, '41

What has happened to the characteristic basketball spirit among the girls of Lawrence High School? The boys still arouse interest in the sport, but what has brought about the comparative silence of the girls in this game? This season there has been little activity from the girls' corner of the gym.

Most girls enjoy basketball. For many girls, it is their favorite sport. So . . . it stands to reason, there must be some obstacle in the way. Could it be that the new type of schedule for the girls, namely, the intramural contest has dampened the spirits of the basketeers? Have they really given this new policy a fair and sporting chance?

Then, let us take a brief look at the real advantages of such a policy.

First of all, intramural basketball gives all players a chance to participate, for there are as many teams as there are girls to make them up. Secondly, it promotes friendship and good sportsmanship among the girls as friendly rivalries are set up and one team defeats another in the "round-robin". In the third place and finally, it is better for the general health of all players for it does not necessitate long trips from home in good or bad weather, nor does it stimulate too great an emotional strain on the adolescent girl.

And so, girls, let's forget about our weakness for the interscholastic contest and give this intramural plan, which benefits all girls in L. H. S., a fair and sporting try.

### Badminton Tournaments Scheduled

Definite plans are underway for intramural badminton tournaments among both the boys and girls of L. H. S. The boys plan to run their games off during gym periods, while the girls plan theirs after school.

### Other Sports In The Air

Track for the boys . . . softball for the girls . . . and tennis for both . . . all are definitely in air, though they do not hold the center of attraction as does baseball.



L. H. S. VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM  
*(Photo by Thomson)*



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